The Brexit Ethos

Prologue
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a)
David Cameron’s promise to hold a referendum on the UK's membership in the European Union (EU) was a defining policy of his leadership, aimed at settling the "European question" in British politics and managing divisions within the Conservative Party.

David Cameron promises in/out referendum on EU
Published
Jan 23, 2013
BBC NEWS
https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-politics-21148282

Accessed 22 December 2025 at 06:03 GMT.

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Google search
Cameron promise on Brexit referendum
AI Mode

https://www.google.com/search?q=Cameron+promise+on+Brexit+referendum

b)
The 2016 Brexit referendum was a historic plebiscite held on June 23, 2016, in which the United Kingdom and Gibraltar voted to decide whether the UK should remain a member of or leave the European Union (EU).

Report: 23 June 2016 referendum on the UK’s membership of the European Union
https://www.electoralcommission.org.uk/research-reports-and-data/our-reports-and-data-past-elections-and-referendums/report-23-june-2016-referendum-uks-membership-european-union

Accessed 22 December 2025 at 06:04 GMT.

Key Results

The referendum resulted in a narrow but decisive victory for the "Leave" campaign:

Leave: 17,410,742 votes (51.9%)

Remain: 16,141,241 votes (48.1%)

Turnout: 33,577,342 people voted, representing a 72.2% turnout of the registered electorate.

Results of the 2016 United Kingdom European Union membership referendum
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Results_of_the_2016_United_Kingdom_European_Union_membership_referendum

Accessed 22 December 2025 at 06:07 GMT.

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Google search
The Brexit plebiscite of 2016
Dive deeper into AI Mode

https://www.google.com/search?q=The+Brexit+plebiscite+of+2016

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The little sweep, unguided from the start,
Meets harsher streets than Blake could ever frame;
At eleven learns to guard his fragile heart
Where shadows teach the lessons once of flame.
A nation’s orphan, soot-streaked and alone,
He walks the ways a shepherd’s hand once kept;
Not rebel child, but one the years have shown
How far we drifted from the faith we wept.

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The sequence of sonnets

one

not all could climb the greasy pole like me
 i leave the muck to others - mine's the brass
i am an asset to the company
 i pay my fare - i ride the train - first class:

the creases in my suit - they are as sharp
 as my mind's eye which like an eagle spots
a prey - be it the mouse or golden carp -
 and is there claw and talon? is there lots?

my precious family is sacrosanct
 fed, clothed, housed, holidayed, schooled, entertained -
all well - perhaps in style - and i am thanked
 as we expect what's best - i've worked - i've gained:

  and all of this i tell you of is mine
  and i am not to blame if it is fine.

two

to look you wouldn't think i'm thirty one
 there's some who'd wonder if the kids were mine
my wardrobe is light cloud, myself the sun
 that those discerning may detect design:

i'm asked my secret though i rarely share
 to those i barely know i boast of genes
to closer ones i thank crème de la mer
 in truth i'll keep it hid 'till closing scenes:

ok, it is a look - i'll give it you -
 but i look great and when we're two or three
we're noticed, treated well - perhaps we coo -
 but then we may, we form society:

  just try to read me like an open book
  you'll find there's depth to seeming simple look.

three

i left school young - i worked - i pay my tax
 because i wanted to i learnt a trade
and him on benefit he just attacks
 not just himself but all of us who've paid:

it's not that i admire the man who climbs -
 on fire, i wouldn't piss on those who shirk -
there's some of them who've fallen on hard times
 but then there's some who've chosen not to work:

my vote is blue - it takes no liberty
 i go to work and earn an honest wage

if only all would do the same as me -
 a plain solution doesn't take a sage:

  it's not just me but everyone should gall
  when someone's paid for doing bugger all.

four

i settled down before i had the kids
 and made the effort things were running smooth
i worked that mine, it was the best of bids -
 made sure that he and i knew how to soothe:

we work - our mortgage won't let us relax -
 the times i wish we had some extra cash
town hall will just put up the council tax
 to be a councillor - they have some bash:

that's how i built my home - but nowadays
 it's single mothers in a council flat -
it's clear it is society who pays
 not least because their life is not all that:

  i'm not the first to blame the girl that roams
  but please, please don't go mixing chromosomes.

five

i used to work but then the children came
 - don't get me wrong our biggest blessing yet -
me mother in my home in all but name
 i couldn't match her purse - i'm in her debt:

a house-husband if that's the proper term
 because her income knows security
with perks and rights she's rising on a therm
 and city bonuses a certainty:

and so what's right for her is right for us
 we're advocates of market capital
- and if not flavour of the month - why fuss? -
 who needs a hippy testimonial?

the market and my partner's job are both
certain requirements for domestic growth.

six

my worth - and pay - are functions of my deed
my line of work is rife with macho men
to stay on top - a woman - all i need
to show i've got is bigger balls than them:

it's socialists would say i gamble - no -
i take a measured risk whereby the gain
that can be shown will make your money grow -
with profit there must be a risk - that's plain:

and then the state takes half my salary
in tax - the wealth that i invest does good
- it benefits the whole economy -
and makes my clients richer - as it should:

so why on earth should i be paying twice
well, under Labour maybe i'd pay thrice.

seven

it's right i like to treat the gals to drinks
- the ones that make an effort - most the time -
for if she's dressed and done up nice and winks
it's only fools begrudge a vodka lime.

i'm smart, i wouldn't say i'm flash - i'm flush -
i know a lot of people - lots know me
i wouldn't count on them in any rush
no i would count my true friends one two three:

and when it comes to booze i'll take what is
but when it comes to politics, well said
that socialism's for my dad and his
regardless what they claim it's good as dead:

i'm told that some are living in a hell

that's up to them and i'm still doing well.

eight

not all the time but i can turn a head
and me the gals and all our joie de vivre
make for a right royal time when painting red
the town - you just let me let you believe:

my clothes and shoes and beads, they don't come cheap
for show i pay the price i have to pay
i like a touch of class, i've made the leap
i've made my choices well, i've found my way:

and with all this i vote Conservative
for image, nothing more and nothing less
the have not is not an alternative
i know the colour of my party dress:

when planning to enjoy the things you own
beware of giving them to those who'll moan.

nine

i live and love the British working class
and not the fawning, climbing wanna be's
and not the social's dregs that turn so crass
but kind of folk that build societies:

you wouldn't catch me in a poncey bar
and me and university don't mix
the kind of place i go is never far
although i never delve the depths for kicks:

The Queen and Thatcher is my private toast
because i'm young i don't remember both
still everyone will understand my boast
and some of them will even swear my oath:

give me a hundred British working men
and any human task's not if but when.

ten

i'm going to be careful what i say -
 although i'm not a model citizen
i'm still an understated worth - i may
 surprise you with my female acumen:

i'm not a one goes out to be admired
 because for most the time the reason's wrong
there's many people leave me uninspired
 because i do not suffer fools for long:

i pay my way - i'm not on benefits
 i vote Conservative - in confidence -
because the choice is not beyond my wits
 big brother state or laws derived from sense:

  this is a private ballot - not some tag -
  because of this there is no need to brag.

eleven

for reasoned, grounded fear that they will shun
 i'll not discuss my sexuality
with family or friends, with anyone,
 without a total anonymity:

with that i am a homosexual man
 - behind closed doors - and this is my affair
and i will have it private if i can
 to keep it personal is only fair:

i recognise my like upon the street
 i see them in the corridors of power
the small and subtle signs are quite discreet
 in politics it is a fragile flower:

  i know some Tories like a dainty peach,
  they practice it, they only need to preach.

twelve

although my friends all know that i'm a dyke
 i see no grounds to advertise the fact
beyond my choice of style - a style i like -
 that says a certain prissiness is lacked:

i am an author in a field or three
 and reckon this both science and an art
with both well practised when it comes from me
 and black is white defending my own part:

on youthful left-wing views i've turned my back
 i'm quite the sophist now - i know my steel -
your mind beats mine? it's you that i'll attack
 it isn't what you think it's what i feel:

  that's why i always claim the left-wing cloak
  and then it is Conservative i vote.

thirteen

i have a standing i inherited
 i'll pass this on to John, my eldest son
a lineage like this is born and bred
 it is the way our family was won:

regarding things of worth, tradition's key
 maintaining social ties, things in their place
and too our country's standards nationally
 which seem to be declining at a pace:

i know the local Tory member well
 he's helped me out with some allowances
i've helped his party funds - his aims excel -
 it is a question of alliances:

  not equals born, nor everywhere in chains,
  it isn't wrong consolidating gains.

fourteen

i'm happy that i did - i married young

i know i'm sounding vulgar saying so
he was a catch, although it's better sung
of partnership for so much more than show:

i run the stables as a riding school
he tends his business also his estate
and neither me nor him is any fool
the effort made by both of us is great:

the ills i see in this society
are social not the fault of politics
if only people were content when free
the common man was not exposed to tricks:

i'm right to keep my hand close to my chest
that said, i know a Tory vote is best.

fifteen

me and Jasmine come from different backgrounds
see eye to eye on almost everything
in fact our similarity astounds
i know it's soon, the day she'll wear my ring:

i work in sales and sweat for my percent
the company does well - too me and her
with less of government there is ascent
in shares, in sales, in take home pay, yes sir!

that said it doesn't take a genius
to figure out the way that i would vote
there's just one party which is serious
on business, helping folk to stay afloat:

they needn't fight campaigns on negatives
the likes of me can see the positives.

sixteen

i'll say it straight - i'm young and black and proud
in business i've advanced a thousand leagues
although at work i wouldn't shout it loud

i have to graft harder than some colleagues:

my man and me are deadly serious
about employment, pensions, salary
- dedicated, too we are ambitious -
this world's our oyster, just you wait and see:

i don't support the politics of race
it's lower taxes i'll be voting for
to date the wastage in this country's base
it's not for me and him to help the poor:

this summer - us relaxing in the sun
the choice is ours - is something we have won.

seventeen

i earned my money trading real estate
and having made my mark i now enjoy
i'm not the kind relying on the state
and my retirement brings a little joy:

employing others is my way to share
the handyman's a dual economy
likewise i help my daughter's son's au pair
and for remaining business - family:

i never think of politics - i act
the average party feud's a kind of farce
though owning land - or holdings if exact -
i'd be a fool if i ignored my class:

independence is what i much admire
if only everyone would show this fire.

eighteen

i was a wife and mother all those years
and now my children's children count on me
to change their nappies and to dry their tears
i have a sense of continuity:

i've never worked - i've never had the need
 i guess i've had it good compared to some
i've always worked - i always took the lead
 at home a woman's work is never done:

and when the question is 'who wins my vote?'
 there is one aim my party should support
it's family and Tories are of note
 a man a wife and all this should purport:

  i've built an edifice out of the stuff
  that will not be undone by smooth or rough.

nineteen

i am a competent Psychiatrist
 - took a large amount of education -
i'm a Hindi - and some have been racist
 - meant no small amount of dedication:

the arts meets science in my field of work
 i am objective in subjective choice
and search for cultural norms whilst those berserk
 may empathise with me and hear my voice:

in life there's many cannot help themselves
 - much like my hapless patients in their plight -
they need direction, guidance from ourselves
 or leadership, of Tories, of the right:

  i care for those in life the less well off
  but say that they should rule - there's some would scoff.

twenty

my family have always been Hindis
 which i embrace, also the new found land
this true about my husband if you please
 we are a flexible, discerning band:

the elder boy attends a private school
 it's only right he has advantages

and has the chance to learn to learn the rule
 i'm modest when i say he manages:

a British citizen - a British vote
 my Tory member is a man with sense
it's centrist views that he and his promote
 it's malcontents who try and shift the fence:

  i'm British - all my children were born here
  and thus my party politics are clear.

twenty-one

i paid my contributions when i should
 we claim the pension we're entitled to
i'd draw a private pension if i could
 it wasn't common then to pay into:

retiring we have moved from urban sprawl
 to rural peace befitting of our age
we owned our house we had the wherewithal
 things tighter now than when i had my wage:

the issue's less as now we're not in town
 enforcing law and order wins my vote
through terms Conservatives have won renown
 they understand what criminals denote:

  it's no coincidence - let me tell you -
  my party and the boys in blue are blue.

twenty-two

so i am of that age when i'm retired
 it isn't all cocktails and swimming pools
it's just as well as i'm a little tired
 pursuing pleasure - better left to fools:

the social club is good enough for me
 and too i still see friends of yesteryear
and then of course remaining family
 it's not exciting but i hold it dear:

i am a floating voter - there's a lot -
 i'm undecided - wavering in spin -
this time it had to be that someone got
 us out the mess that Labour left us in:

  i wouldn't say of me i'm this or that
  the issue of the day is where it's at.

twenty-three

not long ago i had a wife and kids
 and now she has the kids and i'm divorced
she doesn't only distance, no she rids
 herself of me - i'll never be endorsed:

my crime - a younger woman - an affair
 with fifteen years behind me only one
from those i know i've spoken to is rare
 she didn't see it as a bit of fun:

there's some who wouldn't barricade the moat
 there is a way of dampening this strife
from now i'll have to match my spouse and vote
 i'll keep an eye out for a Tory wife:

  for those i know and hear about are blue
  but what is more important, they stay true.

twenty-four

twenty years - he’s never learnt discretion
 at only twenty-nine he yearned for youth -
now the prostitutes - god and derision -
 injury and insult - it's plain uncouth:

i have devoted self to family
 and how he justifies and how he feigns
to him we're just a blithe anomaly
 it makes you wonder where he keeps his brains:

i've kept the house and too i've kept my pride

i've kept the kids, i've kept my Tory ways
because in none of these was he my guide
i'm glad that it's on fallen ones he preys:

i've always kept my household neat and trim
conservative in all if not for him.

twenty-five

i draw my pension from the B.B.C.
i learnt the ropes - a youthful journalist
i started work back then in sixty-three
an overstated, wide-eyed optimist:

i voted Communist i voted left
although i tell you now to be complete
- a journalist must be both straight and deft -
discussing ancient facts is not discreet:

no one would disagree that times have changed
and if i cast my vote on my ideals
- which evanesce each year - i'd be deranged
the wedding bell of youth no longer peels:

i vote Conservative to have it named
but truth be told i am a bit ashamed.

twenty-six

i am retired - my views have changed with age
i'm still a feminist - though well matured -
and with that maturation loss of rage
i'd say that i am one who is inured:

just like my armpit hair has waxed and waned
the time and time again for reasons which
were different each occasion so i've stained
my ballot paper differently - an itch:

but now i look on Thatcher's legacy -
she was an archetype of bad and good
no feminists begrudge proficiency

she was a credit to the sisterhood:

and so her followers will get my mark
because hers was a woman's rule, if dark.

twenty-seven

back in my youth - although i am still young -
i claimed state benefits - a hardened case -
and never found my way to that first rung
which just required a slightly different pace:

and now i have a job and own my home
- OK there's still a mortgage, but it is mine -
a long-term partner - she and me don't roam -
and put succinctly everything is fine:

when claiming welfare Labour paid my rent
now things have changed - i'd say i've found my voice -
i see a minimum of government
as my ideal and hence the Tory choice:

back then, and still, egalitarian
but now as well a libertarian.

twenty-eight

my partner and myself see eye to eye
this was a project that i have achieved
although put this way round he would deny
my influence and say that i'm deceived:

to swing him round i used domestic tact
i shared such wishes as home ownership
i showed the way economies can act
and built from two a good sea-worthy ship:

Max Stirner is the influence he'd quote
and my perspective's not for him to know
but irrespectively we share a vote
and we're Conservatives, each stroke we row:

for sake of form - behind the greatest men
by necessity, the greatest women.

twenty-nine

i am a widower and since her death
i've not been quite the same in many ways
and now that she no longer draws her breath
i've seen her sense bloom on my lonely days:

i saw a Liberal vote a wasted vote
a form of Labour with another name
social democracy - the same the boat -
did not distinguish standards of their mien:

and thus - weird to see this coalition -
and just the way her Liberal vote would aid
- tickled by the use of 'ConDemNation' -
it's not how good the card, but how it's played:

i never saw how things would change back then,
she died before the parliament of '10.

thirty

i am a widow having outlived Jez
and though he'll never more survey the tote
he speaks to me in seances and says
the ghost of Bonar Law demands your vote:

he might say this had i a ouija board
- although, i am not that superstitious -
alive he did say just as much, but Lord,
then i didn't count his words as precious:

the Tories are my party nonetheless
and i oppose the sprawling urban voice
as it would make the countryside a mess
for us this city rule's a Hobson's choice:

the opposition cannot win their boasts
or we will be a wisp of rural ghosts.

thirty-one

i'm still quite young - i'm only twenty-nine
 i'm unattached and would it stays that way
to live a bachelor suits me just fine
 at times i work and then a times i play:

i like to earn disposable income
 because i am a paid professional
without a family - no ties like some -
 i'm quite the Tory individual:

a two dimensional stereotype?
 they scoff in vain if this is to conform
my independence lives up to the hype
 my vote and style would weather any storm:

  yes, i create my own initiatives
  i'd like to join the rich Conservatives.

thirty-two

i'm young and free and single - that's the three
 no man will ever change this - though they'd wish
two in the bush are preferable to me
 it's not a spread for one man's meal this dish:

i choose a certain way of life that some
 look down upon but frankly i rejoice
that i embrace a mode including fun
 too i embrace the politics of choice:

and i am young and free - that's only two -
 the young i cannot change, but free i choose
and individuality i do
 and hence i pick my party colours - blues:

  it's sweetest liberty that floats my boat
  and thus it's liberty that wins my vote.

thirty-three

my working life is over - thank the Lord -
 i see my pension rights and my free time
a fully justified, well-earned reward
 perhaps the thing i'd change - the English clime:

i envy youth, of course, its charm compels
 but when i witness it embroiled in strife
the folly strikes me well before all else -
 in age my wife and i get much from life:

i only ever cast a Tory vote
 just like my dad before me - bless his soul -
and still i'd say it's not a thing of rote
 my understanding and support are whole:

  does that make me a Tory through and through?
  well yes it does, and proud about it too.

thirty-four

i've been conservative in choices made
 i've watched the pennies which has helped no end
and as a pensioner such thrift has paid
 and speaking as a wife such ways help mend:

in my affairs a certain order reigns
 i pay a little heed to reckless thoughts
and then the call of sanity restrains
 because of this i'm left with wholes not noughts:

i've thought of voting Labour - once or twice -
 i've thought of pushing people under tubes
but then sense comes to me and in a thrice
 my rationality applies ice cubes:

  i but extend my household husbandry
  to politics - a fair analogy.

thirty-five

i'd say that i'm a Young Conservative
 except C.F.'s the group that fits the role
a student now i've got a lot to give
 and university's no goldfish bowl:

and yes, a Tory vote is radical
 - but not the radical some would express -
our ideology's full spherical
 initiative is that which brings success:

my father's raised me, a proactive son
 and if through this i can advance my lot
i will have made him proud, i will have done
 my duty not to be some student sot:

  back then the Tory students once stood bowed -
  it's come full circle now, we're standing proud.

thirty-six

i'm young and unattached - though not for long -
 for soon i'm going to meet my perfect match
i spurn - perhaps the choice of words too strong -
 the lack of variety in my patch:

it's just the left-wing voter's not prepared
 for marriage, work and for propriety
it has to be Conservative that's shared
 the Greens are lost, the Liberals, let them be:

for me most things are matrimonial
 through paucity of choice it's something blue
when all my aspirations are nuptial
 it's no surprise my vote should be so too:

  i will promise in sickness and in health
  for that i'll need a little Tory wealth.

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Epilogue

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“Toxic narratives are fuelling fear and division across our country and real public concerns are being exploited for political gain. This rhetoric doesn’t make our streets safer—it simply dehumanises people who have fled war and persecution, many of whom are themselves survivors of violence.

This isn't who we are as a country. Our frontline teams work every day with men, women and children seeking to rebuild their lives in safety. A number of these stood alongside our troops in Afghanistan or fled terror in Sudan.

After the horrors of World War II, Britain and its allies helped establish the principle that refugees deserve a fair chance to seek asylum. That legacy must be protected.

There’s a better way. Increasing the speed and accuracy with which we process asylum applications would mean we no longer have thousands of people stuck in hotels waiting for their cases to be heard. Instead, those found to be refugees could move into proper housing, start work or training, and begin contributing to their communities, while those with no right to stay can be returned with dignity. This is common-sense reform that is fair, compassionate and reflects the best of Britain.”

Enver Solomon
CEO, Refugee Council

https://www.refugeecouncil.org.uk/press-office/media-centre/refugee-council-responds-to-reform-uks-new-policies-on-asylum-and-immigration/

Accessed 22 December 2025, 06:02 GMT.

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One marks a pattern of disease
in this a World where men but seize,
and if they have not clasped with might
they dream to do so day & night.
The common earth, a treasury,
is parcelled out as property;
no sooner is a profit known
than someone, somewhere, seeks to own.
It seems that man is but adroit
within a remit to exploit;
the word for lack of growth - stagnate -
this lust for increase must abate.
The love of money is the sin

that does explain this state we're in;
is there a vaccine for this ill
and would it be a bitter pill?
A change must come, & come it must,
before this World is turned to dust;
four horsemen of Apocalypse,
they have the bits at their steeds' lips.
But on our side, the Graces three,
remain, Faith, Hope, & Charity;
and always in the darkest night
will new solutions come to light.

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